

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

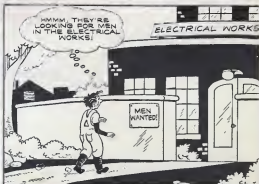
NO. 75 JAN. 10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:
**PAYDIRT
PERIL!**

HILL BILLY

AW, SHOCKS!





The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LARUE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHEE COMICS • BATTLE STORIES • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • CASSY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE 'SALO' WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
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MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY starring **WILLIAM BOYD** in the **DOBIE DEATH SENTENCE**

HENRY VANCE, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF A SCORE OF INNOCENT PEOPLE! I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO HANG IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY ONE MONTH FROM TODAY!

OH, YEAH? WELL, I SENTENCE YUH TO DIE, TOO, JUDGE! MARK MY WORDS, I'M GOING TO KILL YUH! SOMEHOW OR OTHER I'LL BREAK OUT OF JAIL AND KILL YUH! I YOW IT!

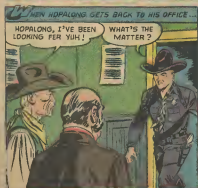
TAKE HIM AWAY! REMEMBER, JUDGE, I'M GOING TO KILL YUH!

HE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME, HOPALONG! HE'LL NEVER BREAK OUT OF THE FEDERAL JAIL! AND BEFORE YOU GO I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON CAPTURING HIM! YOU'VE DONE SOCIETY A BIG FAVOR! HE'S ONE OF THE WORST MILLERS WE'VE EVER EN-COUNTERED!

I KNOW, JUDGE! I'LL RISE ALONG WITH THE DEPUTIES TO SEE THAT THEY GET HIM TO THE FEDERAL PRISON WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE! THEN I'LL GET BACK TO MY OFFICE!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

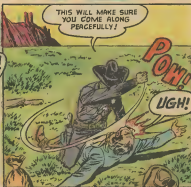
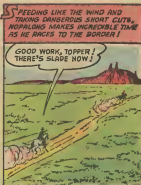
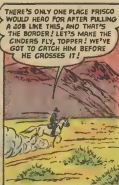
HOPALONG CASSIDY

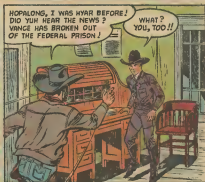
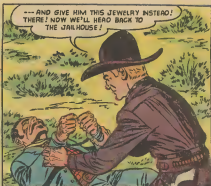


HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY



IT'S TRUE THEN! CHAMBERS HAD THE RIGHT INFORMATION WHEN HE CAME IN THIS AFTERNOON! AND I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE PHONY STORY SLADE HAD STARTED!



WITH VANCE FREE THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE HE'D HEAD FOR AND THAT'S JUDGE DOBBS' HOUSE! (GULP!) HE MIGHT BE THERE RIGHT NOW!



I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF HE DOES KILL THE JUDGE! I'LL ALWAYS FIGURE IT WAS MY FAULT FOR IGNORING CHAMBERS! I SHOULD HAVE DOUBLE-CHECKED HIS STORY TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE!



MEANWHILE ... I TOLD THE JUDGE I WAS GOING TO KILL HIM AND NOW I'VE COME TO CARRY OUT MY WORD!



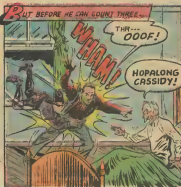
THAT HE IS--SLEEPING! WELL, I'LL WAKE HIM UP---AND THEN PUT HIM TO SLEEP FOREVER!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



GO AHEAD AND SQUIRM, BUT IT WON'T DO YUH ANY GOOD! WHEN I COUNT THREE, I'M GOING TO PULL THE TRIGGER! ONE, TWO---



BUT BEFORE HE CAN COUNT THREE---

THR... OOOOF!

HOPALONG CASSIDY!



THANK GOODNESS I GOT HERE IN TIME!

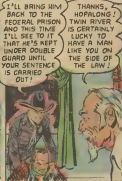
YOU SAID IT, HOPALONG! ANOTHER SECOND AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

THIS MAVERICK WILL NEVER THREATEN ANYONE'S LIFE AGAIN, JUDGE!

WHAT A PUNCH!

I'LL BRING HIM BACK TO THE FEDERAL PRISON AND THIS TIME I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE'S KEPT UNDER DOUBLE GUARD UNTIL YOUR SENTENCE IS CARRIED OUT!

THANKS, HOPALONG! TWIN RIVER IS CERTAINLY LUCKY TO HAVE A MAN LIKE YOU ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Sec. 233)

OF HOPALONG CASSIDY, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Virginia Foxworth, Greens, L. I.; Managing Editor, Ralph Delph, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgagees, or other securities are: (None)

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company

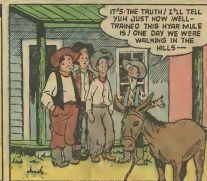
as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the extent of the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, held stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, triweekly, and triweekly newspapers only)

GORDON FAWCETT, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1952.

(Notary) LILLIAN M. HUSLEY, (My commission expires April 1, 1953)









HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

in The
PAY DIRT PERIL

SHERIFF
TWIN RIVER
COUNTY
JAIL

YIPEE! I'VE DISCOVERED
GOLD IN MOOR'S POINT
IN THE HILLS!
YIPEE!

HUH? THAT
HOMBRE DISCOVERED
GOLD!

GOLD!

OF ALL THE
EMPTY-HEADED
BABOONS ---
THAT HOMBRE
TAKES THE
PRIZE!

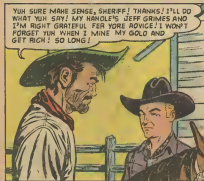


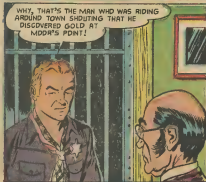
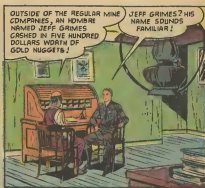
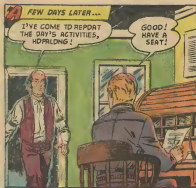
HEY, PARTNER,
QUIET DOWN!
DON'T BE A FOOL!

HUH?
A FOOL?

YES! DON'T GO
AROUND ADVERTISING
THAT YOU DISCOVERED
GOLD! DO YOU WANT
SOMEONE TO KILL YOU
AND STEAL IT?







THERE'S GRIMES NOW---SITTING IN FRONT OF THAT OLD DESERTED MINE! AND HE ISN'T DOING A THING! I'M GOING TO WATCH IF HE DOES ANY PROSPECTING ALL DAY!

4 HOURS LATER...

HE HASN'T BUDGED OR DONE ANY MINING ALL DAY! NOW I'M GOING BACK TO THE ASSAY SHOP IN TOWN AND SEE IF HE SHOWS UP WITH ANY GOLD TODAY!

IF HE DOES I'LL KNOW HE DIDN'T GET IT OUT OF THE CLAIM OVER THERE! AND IT WILL BE PRETTY OBVIOUS THAT HE'S THE ONE WHO CLEANED OUT THE ARID VALLEY ASSAY SHOP AND THEN RIGGED UP THIS WHOLE CLAIM STUNT HERE AS A SAFE WAY TO SELL HIS STOLEN GOLD!

LATER, IN TOWN...

I'D LIKE TO STAY IN YOUR BACK ROOM HERE! IF GRIMES COMES IN WITH ANY GOLD NUGGETS, COME BACK AND TELL ME!

CERTAINLY, HOPALONG! ANYTHING YUH SAY!

LATER THAT DAY...

HOWDY, PARTNER! I STRUCK IT PRETTY GOOD TODAY! I OPINE I HAVE A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD IN HYAR!

REALLY? YOU'RE VERY LUCKY!

ER, I'LL BE OUT IN A SECOND!

GRIMES JUST CAME IN HYAR WITH A WHOLE SACK OF GOLD NUGGETS HE SAID HE MINED TODAY!

HE'S LYING! HE DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER ALL DAY! I'LL BET MY ROOTS THAT'S PART OF THE STOLEN LOOT FROM ARID VALLEY!

I WANT YOU TO STALL GRIMES FOR A HALF HOUR OR SO! DO ANYTHING, BUT TRY TO KEEP HIM HERE! GIVE ME TIME TO GO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE HIS MINE BEFORE I MAKE A DIRECT MOVE AGAINST HIM! I'LL GO OUT THE BACK WINDOW!

WHAT THE---THE ASSAYER IS WHISPERING TO SOMEONE BACK THAR! I DON'T LIKE THIS! MAYBE SOMEONE'S GOTTEN WISE TO ME! I BETTER GET BACK TO MY CAVE, DIG UP THE REST OF THE GOLD I STOLE IN ARID VALLEY AND BEAT IT!

I'LL DO MY BEST, HOPALONG!

I'M SORRY FOR THE DELAY, GRIMES! I WAS LOOKING FOR MY OTHER SCALES! THESE ARE DEFECTIVE, BUT I'M EXPECTING A NEW MACHINE HYAR ANY MINUTE! YUH MAY AS WELL WAIT!

I'LL BE BACK SOME OTHER TIME! I HAVE TO SEE SOMEONE NOW!

BUT IT WILL ONLY BE A FEW MOMENTS! WHY MAKE ANOTHER TRIP? ER, AND SURELY YUH DON'T WANT TO GARRY ALL THAT GOLD AROUND WITH YUH!

(GULP!) I COULDN'T KEEP HIM HYAR! I'D BETTER GO TO THE BACK AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT HOPALONG AND TELL HIM!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! NOW HE WON'T KNOW THAT GRIMES ISN'T WAITING HYAR! I HOPE THIS ISN'T GOING TO CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE...

I'M PRETTY SURE GRIMES IS THE ARID VALLEY GROOM, BUT THIS WAY I CAN BE POSITIVE! IF THAT MINE SHOWS IT HASN'T BEEN WORKED IN YEARS, IT WILL PROVE GRIMES' GUILT! AND I'M ALMOST CERTAIN IT WILL!

HOPALONG SPEEDS TO GRIMES' MINE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS PLACE HASN'T BEEN WORKED IN YEARS! I'LL GO BACK AND LOCK UP GRIMES!



BUT HOPALONG DOESN'T KNOW THAT GRIMES WAS TRICKED HIM, AND AS HE TURNS...

REACH FER THE CEILING, HOPALONG!

WHAT... (GULP!) GRIMES!



YES! I PURPOSELY SHOT MY MOUTH OFF ABOUT DISCOVERING GOLD UP HYAR SO I COULD PASS OFF THE GOLD I STOLE AT ARID VALLEY, BUT YUH SAW RIGHT THROUGH MY SCHEME!



YOU'RE TOO SMART FER YORE OWN GOOD, HOPALONG! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YUH!

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS UP HERE?



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY SMART ONE, HOPALONG! I SAW TWO SHADOWS ON THE BACK DOOR OF THE ASSAY SHOP AND I FIGURED SOMETHING WAS UP! I LIT OUT OF THAR IN A NURRY AND FOLLOWED YUH HYAR!



I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME TALKING! AFTER I SHOOT YUH, I'M GOING TO DIG UP THE REST OF THE STOLEN LOOT I HAVE UNDER THAT ROCK OVER THAR AND BEAT IT TO SOME OTHER TOWN!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO DIVE TO THE FLOOR AS HE'S ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER AND HOPE HE'LL MISS ME AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO REACH FOR MY GUN!



TIMING IS EXACTLY RIGHT...

(GULP!) HE DUCKED!

BANG!

IT WORKED! NOW TO GET MY GUN!

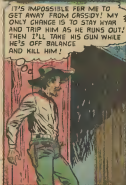


BEFORE GRIMES CAN SHOOT AGAIN...

EYOWWW! --MY GUN!



HOPALONG CASSIDY







CRITICAL CROSSING

By Hank Spector

IT HAD RAINED heavily up in the hills throughout the night and the Siwash River, where it raced along the confining bed of the long, V-shaped canyon, had turned into a brawling, swollen torrent. Joel Black stooped to make sure that the mooring rope held fast the tugging flatboat. Then, as he turned back to his log shanty, his glance moved over the folded hills that rose sharply to the horizon. The switchback road, which ended at the clearing in which he stood, and which took up its tortuous passage on the other side of the wide river, lay among the hills in a series of ascending spirals. On one of the loops of the road a rider was visible, moving across the distant face of rock like a black insect.

"He'll probably be hungry," Joel mused. "And he'll have to stay overnight." He moved leisurely into the shack and began to prepare a rough meal, putting coffee up to boil, dumping beans and sliced pork into a battered frying pan. The food had long been ready by the time the rider reined up beside the cabin. Joel went out to greet him.

"Light down, Stranger," he said. "I can offer you food and a bunk until the river goes down."

The man's small dark eyes moved furtively, taking in Joel's empty gunbelt, the solitary hut, the wild scenery and the swollen river. He had evidently traveled far, and fast. His flannel shirt and his levis were wet and mud-stained, and his horse stood with drooping head, blowing heavily. "Any fords along here?" the man asked, jerking his head toward the river.

"Nope," Joel replied pleasantly. "The water never gets that low. For ten miles in either direction this is the only pass through the canyon, and it's as good a place as any to cross the river. I take people over, at a dollar a head. Horses, two dollars. Your supper will cost you—"

"I'm not stopping for any grub," the rider interrupted. "Let's get going across."

"We can't cross now," Joel said. "The river's too high, and too rough." His voice was patient, but he was tensed for trouble. Various reasons

brought men to this isolated crossing in this desolate country. Joel himself had come upon it as a footloose drifter, and had set up the way station with the hope that a couple of years of ferry-riding would bring in enough profits to serve as down payment on a ranch in more pleasant surroundings. Profit had come in, during the year that Joel had served his solitary post, and with it had come experience in judging men.

This one had the harried look, the unrelenting pressure, of the hunted. Even now, his eyes kept returning nervously to the switchback down which he had come. "I'll pay you extra," he said. "I'll pay plenty. I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry," Joel said. "I couldn't risk it. You'll have to wait until tomorrow."

The man swung off his horse and led the animal down to the water's edge. Joel stood beside him, regarding the turbulent brown flood. "You couldn't swim it, even with a fresh horse," he said.

"I don't intend to swim it," the man said. "And I'm not waiting until tomorrow, either." With snakelike quickness he drew his pistol and pressed it into Joel's ribs. "Lead the horse down into the boat," he ordered. Joel hesitated. "Do what I tell you to!" the man burst out savagely, lashing out with the pistol at Joel's head. Joel recoiled, but the barrel struck him a glancing blow, cutting open the skin above his temple. "I'd shoot you now if I didn't need you to pole me across," the man said coldly. "Now, get moving!"

Joel led the nervous horse down into the wide, flat bottomed boat. The rider scrambled in after him, pistol in hand, and reclaimed the bridle.

Joel unfastened the rope and as the current pulled the boat out into the river, he took up the long pole and stood with braced legs at the stern, thrusting downward against the bed of the stream. The boat struggled like a living thing in the conflicting pressures of the sweeping current and the driving pole. In the center of the craft the frightened horse stood on trembling limbs, his nostrils flaring, his eyes rolling

wildly. The rider, who was holding the horse, looked back at Joel.

"Come on there, push a little harder," he said.

"I can't," Joel replied breathlessly. "Half the time I can't even touch bottom." He continued poling, however, driving the boat jerkily forward, while the current moved them steadily downstream. But they seemed to be making no progress, because as they angled across, the river widened until they could hardly see the opposite bank. Finally, after several hours of battling the swirling current, they drew opposite to a wooded point of land which stretched out into the river like a long finger.

"That's our last chance to reach the shore," Joel said. He bent his back to the pole with redoubled effort and the boat seemed to spring forward with a new burst of speed. A dozen mighty thrusts sent the craft crunching into the shallows.

"We made it!" Joel panted exultantly. "I'll hold her steady while you get the horse out."

"Not so fast," the man said. He released the horse and moved to the stern, pistol in hand. The freed horse tossed its head, then clattered and stumbled over the low gunwales and galloped away toward the woods.

"He'll be all right," the man said. "Now you."

Joel carefully laid down the pole and stepped ashore, the man following close behind him. Then the man turned and braced one foot against the boat, pushing with all his strength.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Joel cried. "You'll set it adrift."

"That's the idea," the man said, waving him back with the pistol. The boat slid out over the sand, gathering momentum as the water received it. It spun around in the current and then bobbed away downstream.

"That takes care of the boat," the man said. "Let's go." He prodded Joel forward and they walked up toward the woods, where the horse stood patiently awaiting them. The man climbed into the saddle and holstered his gun.

"Don't try any tricks," he warned. "Now lead me back to the road."

"All right," Joel said. "Follow me." He walked as slowly as he dared, his mind busily casting about for a means of escape. He led the rider back toward the shore till they came to a point where a rocky bluff overhung the river. Joel moved toward the edge, then sud-

denly dove headlong into the water below.

He swam underwater as long as he could and rose, strangling for air, in the shelter of the overhanging cliff. The water was shallow here, and he was invisible from above. He could picture the gunman, waiting for a bobbing head at which to shoot, and finally concluding that he must have perished in the swirling waters.

Joel waited for nearly an hour to make sure that the man was gone. Finally he worked his way down along the shore, alternately swimming and wading toward where the boat had been set adrift, then on beyond it around the point of land. He knew this river and all the tricks of its currents. He found the boat where he had hoped it might be, in the lee of the point where the mighty current had set up a gentle backwash.

He took up the pole and struck out across the river again. The torrent spun and buffeted the clumsy craft, but this time Joel was able to hold the boat to a much more direct course. He wasted no energy, pushing mightily against the bottom with each thrust of the pole. It was nearly dusk when he reached the other side. He tied the boat to a tree and set off on foot, upstream, toward his cabin.

He was just entering the clearing when another man came into it from the mountain road. He was a tall, slim young man, and a silver star gleamed on his shirt front.

"Howdy, Joel," the rider called. "Seen anything of a black-haired man on an old roan horse?"

"I just took him across the river, Marshal," Joel replied.

"Hah!" The marshal snorted with exasperation. "I hate to ask you to try it again, son, and in the dark, but I have to get across."

"THERE'S no hurry," Joel countered. "You can have a meal and rest up for the night. In the morning, when the river goes down, I'll take you to your man." Suddenly, he grinned. "He'll be waiting for you," he added. "I knew he was a wrong one and I didn't like the way he treated me. So, I purposely angled the boat farther downstream and set him ashore on Finger Island. He can't get off. The current behind the island is a regular rip race. Now, shall we go in to supper, Marshal?"

THE END

THE COOKIE EATER

HOWDY, CHAMBERS!
I SEE YUH'RE
EATING COOKIES
AS USUAL!

YUP!
I LOVE
COOKIES!

HOTEL

IN FACT, IF I HAD
MUCH LIFE TO LIVE
OVER AGAIN, DO
YUH KNOW WHAT
I'D DO?

NO! WHAT
WOULD
YUH DO
IF YUH
HAD YOUR
LIFE TO
LIVE
OVER
AGAIN?

I'D LIVE
OVER A
COOKIE
FACTORY!



QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD —
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

1 THE FIRST CHAIN STORES
IN AMERICA WERE ESTAB-
LISHED IN 1670. THEY WERE
A CHAIN OF TRADING POSTS.

TRUE... FALSE...



2 THE GAME OF GOLF WAS
FIRST PLAYED IN 1800.

TRUE... FALSE...



3 BACK IN 1692 THE
PIRATE STRONGHOLD
WAS PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA.

TRUE... FALSE...



4 CANARIES ARE THE MAIN
EXPORT OF THE CANARY
ISLANDS.

TRUE... FALSE...



5 A PECK IS BETWEEN
A QUART AND A BUSHEL.

TRUE... FALSE...



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. 2. FALSE. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE. 5. TRUE. IT
WAS CALLED THE "WICKEDEST" SPOT ON
EARTH. 6. FALSE. COFFEE IS THE
MAIN EXPORT. 7. TRUE.

RIDE WITH MOVIEDOM'S FAMOUS COWBOY...

MONTÉ HALE

DOWN THE DANGEROUS,
BLOODY PATH OF THE ADVENTUROUS
WESTERN-TRAILST

IT HAS A
PUNCH
TO EVERY PAGE!



10¢

ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
DEALER EVERY MONTH

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

The Evil Zero

I DON'T MEAN TO INTRUDE, MISS SUSAN, BUT I HEARD YOU CRYING AS I WAS RIDING BY! I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF YOUR FATHER AND YOU CAN TRUST ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY FIANCE, JOE FLINT! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF WE'LL EVER BE ABLE TO GET MARRIED, HOPALONG! NOBODY IN TWIN RIVER WILL GIVE HIM A JOB!



I DON'T LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT THE REASON NOBODY WILL GIVE HIM A JOB IS BECAUSE HE'S ONE OF THE LAZIEST FELLOWS AROUND!

THAT'S NOT TRUE! FOLKS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND JOE!



I KNOW IT'S NOT PLEASANT, BUT IT'S A FACT! I'VE KNOWN JOE SINCE HE WORKED UP IN THE LUMBER CAMPS! HE USED TO BE INDUSTRIOUS, BUT HE'S GOTTEN SHIFTLESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE SINCE THEN!

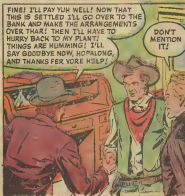
NO, I WON'T BELIEVE IT! PEOPLE ARE JUST AGAINST JOE! THEY WON'T GIVE HIM A BREAK!



PLEASE, HOPALONG! IF YUH REALLY ARE MY FRIEND, WON'T YUH TRY TO HELP JOE GET A JOB?

I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN, SUSAN!

HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE HOLMES LUMBER CAMP----

THAT'S PRETTY GOOD WOOD THAT! I'LL TAKE TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF IT, BUT I'LL NEED A BILL SO I CAN GET THE MONEY FROM THE BANK TO PAY YUH!

SURE, JOE, I'LL GO RIGHT IN AND MAKE IT OUT FER YUH!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER----

HERE YUH ARE, JOE!

FINE! NOW DON'T FORGET, SHIP THAT WOOD EAST AS FAST AS YUH CAN! AND I'LL HAVE YORE MONEY FER YUH LATER TODAY!



LATER, IN TOWN----

WUHM, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRESENT THIS BILL INSIDE THE BANK AND I'LL GET TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FER IT! I'D HAVE TO WORK A LONG TIME TO GET THAT MUCH-- AND I DON'T LIKE TO WORK! MAYBE I OUGHT TO GET THE MONEY AND BEAT IT!



WAIT! WHY PLAY FER SMALL PICKINGS WHEN I CAN GET THE WHOLE LOAF AT ONCE? I'LL ADD A ZERO TO THIS BILL SO THAT IT WILL READ TWENTY THOUSAND INSTEAD OF TWO THOUSAND! THE BANK WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AND THEY'LL GIVE IT ALL TO ME!



I'LL PAY THE LUMBER COMPANY THE MONEY SO THEY'LL SHIP THE LUMBER TO NELSON AND HE WON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING! THEN I'LL BEAT IT WITH THE EIGHTEEN THOUSAND AND WHEN I'M FAR AWAY, I'LL SEND FER SUSAN TO COME AND JOIN ME! NOW I'LL GO AND ADD THAT ZERO!



THE FOLLOWING WEEK----

HYAR'S A WIRE FER YUH, HOPALONG!

FOR ME?



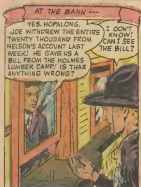
WHY IT'S FROM TOM NELSON! HE SAYS HE'S BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT JOE FLINT, BUT HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH HIM! JOE SENT HIM A TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR SHIPMENT OF LUMBER LAST WEEK, BUT HE NEEDS AT LEAST THREE TIMES AS MUCH RIGHT AWAY!



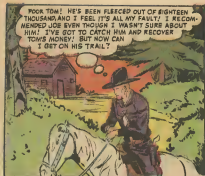
THAT'S STRANGE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT JOE! I'D BETTER GO TO HIS PLACE! PERHAPS HE'S SICK!



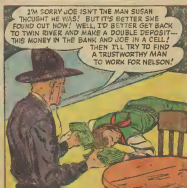
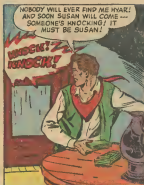
HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

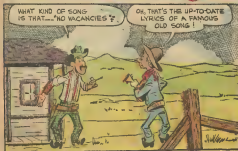


HOPALONG CASSIDY

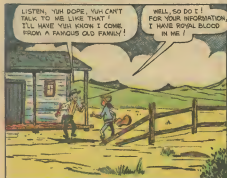


HOPALONG CASSIDY

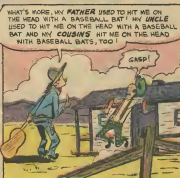
FIZZY *IN* "THE GOOFYBIRD SONG!"



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY





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RED RYDER
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Daisy's famous cowboy carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Holds nearly 1000 BBs. Genuine Carbine Ring on jacket with leather thong attached. Handsomely "checkered" molded fore-end. Realistic full oval, pistol-grip molded stock. Red Ryder's name, picture, horse "branded" on stock. For help in getting one for Christmas, ask Dealer for **FREE Daisy Reminder Kit** or send coupon!

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See these beautiful Daisies at your favorite store today! Ask Dealer for **FREE Daisy Christmas Reminder Kit** or mail coupon enclosing unused 3c stamp! Kit will remind Dad, Mom or guardian to get you the Daisy you want for Christmas. It helped thousands get their Daisy last Christmas. Hurry!

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